

### There Is No Safer Guide Than Our Past Reputation.

Hence we have established in connection with our

Men's Clothing Department

Our

New Women's Ready-to-Wear Department.

We have devoted our entire second floor for this Department, bringing before you a line of . . . . .

Man Tailored Suits and Wraps that have

CHARACTER, FITTING QUALITY AND BEST MATERIALS.

Our Beautiful Parlors are unsurpassed by any City in the South, containing a choice selection of

PONY JACKET SUITS

SWELL ETONS.

NORFOLKS IN THE NEW PLAIDS

BOX COATS,

SMMI-FITTED COATS,

SILK WAISTS.

OPERA WAISTS. CHALLIE WAISTS. FURS.

All Alterations Free of Charge.



### Do You Need Water On Your Place?

If so get W. R. RENFRO to drill you a well. He has been drilling wells throughout Central Kentucky for 30 years, and has made a reputation by good work and honest dealings. He feels that he can refer with confidence to the citizens of that section.

Avoid accidents and vexatious delays by having your wells drilled by an experienced and successful firm. W. R. RENFRO is equipped with the latest improved steam and horse power machinery, and assisted by skilled hands, can drill wells as cheap as it is possible to do. Anyone needing water should drop him a card

Postoffice Box 605, or Phones 905, Lexington, Ky.

**GEO. W. DAVIS,**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER.  
BOTH PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

**THE**  
**"Middle Stable."**  
Phones 31.

Having consolidated my two Livery Stables, I can be found in the future at the "Middle Stable," where we will be able to furnish the best of Livery of all kinds at reasonable charges.

Horses boarded by day, week or month.

Special attention given to furnishing of carriages for Parties, Balls, Funerals, Etc.

**Wm Hinton, Jr.**

### Dangers of Defective Plumbing!

Defective plumbing permits the entrance into the house of sewer gas bearing germs or contagious disease to which the human system readily succumbs . . . . . Sewer gas is not necessarily generated in the sewer, but is frequently created in the plumbing system, within the home and enters the apartments through defective fixtures. If in doubt, consult us regarding the piping and repairing defective fixtures with "STANDARD" Porcelain Enamelled Ware, acknowledged as the best sanitary equipment.

**J. J. CONNELLY, Plumber**  
TELEPHONE 186.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address:

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,

Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Just Miss June

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Summer after summer the same elderly quiet people had come to Mrs. Austin's pretty country boarding house, and the same noisy, vehement children. Of course there had been some additions to the latter class, some defections from the former, but the character of the company had remained much the same. This year, however, came a new boarder of a distinctly different element. He was Paul Campbell, a playwright of some reputation.

Being the only eligible man on the place, Miss Austin had managed to lay hold of Mr. Campbell as her especial property. At first he did not mind. Were not her eyes sufficiently blue? Was there not always about her the odor of orris and heliotrope? But when he discovered that both mother and daughter were trying to work the matrimonial game upon him he balked.

One warm day they had been down to the lake boating, and now they had turned their faces homeward.

"If you find the path rough for fashionable heels or tear your gown with the brambles or scratch your face with the wild rosebushes, on your head be the consequence," Paul Campbell was warning Miss Austin, who had capriciously chosen a path through the woods, while he had wisely indicated another.

"I don't care. It's too hot to breathe today, and I know this is the shorter way. I'll get us home more quickly than the other."

"Well, it must be single file," observed Campbell, with something like positive relief, remembering that the arrangement would do something to add to the difficulty of conversation.

"You'll have a good opportunity," threw back Miss Austin over her shoulder, "of determining whether my hair is all my own."

"Its glory," answered Campbell, quick always in saying the required thing, "must blind me to its defects, if there be any."

"So good of you to make the qualification!" retorted Miss Austin.

Here and there the briar roses bloomed in all their exquisite pinkness. Campbell absently broke off a spray. Absently, too, he pulled the leaves from the stalk. Then he chanced to look upon the pink bud.

With a whimsical, half tender gesture he thrust it into his buttonhole. Oh, he was a fool, beyond doubt, to fancy such a connection. But those unostentatious little petals, showing their delicate veins as they tapered upward and infolding so much wild sweetness, reminded him of Miss June.

June was Mrs. Austin's younger daughter. She had wide, dark eyes and teeth of pearl, but she was not beautiful, like her sister Jane. Their names, in fact, many of the boarders thought, ought to have been turned about, for June was just like her sister's name, while Jane was as flushed and jubilant as summer's first month. "There's a pleasure as well as a credit in dressing her," June had once overheard her mother say when she'd slipped Jane into a thin white frock and brushed her glossy curls. That was twelve years ago. June was only six, but her fragile little hands had gone together in mute protest, and her eyes had grown larger with half understood pain.

June, whom her household and the summer boarders saw; June of the infrequent speech, the shy, fugitive smiles and proud, reticent air—that was not June of the woods whom Paul Campbell had grown to know. June of the woods had an elusive grace, shining eyes, laughter as silvery as the rippling streams, exquisite fancies, quick, dramatic gestures and withal a delicate, childish abandon of spirit.

"Well," asked Miss Austin as they came out from the woodland path on to the sunny road, "have you settled the affairs of the nation? I looked back at you once or twice, but you were in such a brown study you didn't notice me," she pointed.

"Miss Jane, how could that be possible?" mocked he courteously.

"Pshaw!" she said, twirling her sunshade indignantly. "I believe I'm nothing but a peg for you to hang compliments on!"

"You are the magnet which attracts them," he corrected. Suddenly Miss Austin lifted her eyes.

"That wild rose bud in your coat is very pretty. Will you give it to me for a remembrance of the day?"

Campbell's fingers closed upon the bud to detach it; then he remembered.

"No, Miss Austin," he laughed, thrusting his hands into his pockets; "it would be inappropriate. When I go to the village tomorrow I'll get you some roses from the florist's."

One morning several days later they were in the woods together, June and he, under the silver column of a beech tree. She sat beside him, with her slim, brown hands folded in her lap and the wild rose buds withering in her dark hair. The pink of them had somehow stolen to her cheeks. She was happy today in spite of the fact that Campbell was chiding her.

"See here, young lady," he was saying half seriously, half playfully, "if you continue to evade me as you've been doing for the past few days I'm going to pack up my trunk and leave next week. What possible pleasure do you think I find in a lot of staid ladies who knit on the porches and children who squabble?"

"There's Jane," suggested the girl

emphatically, watching the flash of a bird through a rift in the foliage. "She likes to be with you, Mr. Campbell. I'm sure. And I'm sure—here the pearly teeth caught the scarlet underlip—" Jane's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beautiful like Jane. I'm just—"

"Just Miss June," finished Campbell simply. But there was a world of quiet pride in his voice.

June trembled beneath his words and knew not why she trembled. But there was sufficient dramatic force in her to go toward the making of a great actress. She spied a spray of scarlet columbine on a gray rock overhanging a dark pool. Unconsciously the contrast of colors struck her artistic eye, and she made use of it all to hide her sudden emotion.

"Will you fetch me those columbines that wave from the rock and throw colored patches on the pool, Mr. Campbell?" said she quietly.

But when he had gone her hand went for support to the column of the beech, her bosom rose and fell and her wide eyes dilated, then half closed.

"Oh, dear God," she prayed inwardly, "I've never had any one in my whole life really to love me. And he is so big and so knightly. Don't let me imagine a vain thing that would break my heart. Let me remember that I am plain—and that he is just kind."

"Here," cried Campbell cheerfully, coming back with a bunch of the columbine and handing it to her. "The scarlet just matches your lips, little maid." It was not alone her lips that were scarlet now; a flame spread hotly over her cheeks.

In a few moments she jumped up, laughing, smoothing out her blueingham frock. "If ever I come to regard myself as a bewitching fairy princess I'll hold you responsible, sir. But I must be going now. I'm still Cinderella," she added. "I promised mother to make the salad dressing for luncheon."

And so the fragrant summer month drifted irresponsibly on.

One warm evening when the air was filled with the gold of fireflies, a maze of spangles, now darkening, now brightening, Mrs. Austin came out on her side porch, which, for a wonder, was vacant, and swung her portly weight none too gently into the hammock. The silver of the moon was beginning to tremble through the leaves of the trees and to show patches of the garden path that wound toward the front gate.

"Those locusts sound awfully shrill," thought Mrs. Austin, trying ineffectually to put the hammock in motion. Then she lay there inert, yielding to the drowsiness of the air.

She must have dozed off a bit, for suddenly she started as is the way of one who tries to capture one's waking wits.

"And you know, dear, that I love you. I guess I've been loving you right from the first, but I didn't realize it till—"

Two figures had just passed the moonlit patch in the path and were emerging into the shadows that stretched toward the gate, so Mrs. Austin couldn't exactly see who they were, but she recognized Campbell's rich, deep voice.

"At last!" she cried, smiling broadly. "Well, Jane deserved it—and she'll have a good husband." She raised herself up in the hammock. Sleep had fled.

Now, just at that moment Sarah, the cook, who had been buying some ribbon and rushing in one of the village shops, happened to enter the front gate. As she came abreast of the wide porch Mrs. Austin leaned over the railing.

"Sarah," she whispered, with maternal pride in her voice, "was that Miss Jane who went out of the gate then with Mr. Campbell?" It was a statement rather than a question.

"No'm," said Sarah, looking up quickly; "that wasn't Miss Jane, ma'am; it was just Miss June."

#### Catalogue of Misnomers.

"A silver shoehorn is a misnomer," said a philologist. "So is a wooden milestone. So is a steel pen."

"A shoehorn is a piece of horn, according to its name. How can it be made of silver, then? In like manner a milestone can't be made of wood—though they have them, the same as nutmegs in Connecticut—nor can a pen, which strictly means a feather, be made of steel."

"Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland. Jerusalem artichokes were never heard of in Jerusalem. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but from the red prussiate of potash."

"Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is zinc coated. Catgut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep. Kid gloves do not come from kid skins, but from lamb skins."

"Sealing wax has no wax in it, nor is it a byproduct of the seal. Wornwood bears no relation either to wood or worms. Rice paper is never made from rice. Salt is not a salt."

"Copper coins are bronze, not copper. India ink is unknown in India. Turkeys come from our own country, from Turkey never."

#### A Lazy Poet.

Laziness does not always confer the long life claimed for it by Dr. Herbert Snow. Of proverbial laziness was Thomson, the poet, drowsing away the greater part of his life in his garden at Richmond, listening to nightingales, writing the interminable poems that everybody now admires and nobody reads. There he could often be seen standing eating the peaches off the trees, "with his hands in his pockets." Such an instance of indolence would be hard to beat and should, one would think, have added at least ten years to his life. But Thomson died at forty-eight.—London Chronicle.

#### MAHOGANY.

The Way This Beautiful Wood Was Brought Into Fashion.

Every one knows how effective and handsome mahogany is when used for good furniture, but few of us know how its value was first discovered.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a London physician had a brother engaged in trade with the West Indies who on one occasion brought home several logs of mahogany as ballast. The doctor was building a house, and his brother suggested that the logs would serve for ceiling beams. Acting on the proposal, the doctor gave orders to the workmen to make use of the mahogany, but their tools were not equal to the task of cutting the hard wood, and the logs were put out of the way in a corner in the garden.

Some time afterward the head carpenter tried to make a box from the wood, but was unsuccessful with ordinary tools. He told the doctor, who was interested in the baffling timber and ordered heavier tools to be made to work it with, says Home Notes. When this was done and a box at last made and polished, it was so handsome that a bureau was made from another of the despised logs, and this was declared by experts to be so superior to other furniture making woods that the craze for mahogany set in, and furniture made from it became highly popular, the then Duchess of Buckingham fostering the craze in the fashionable world.

#### A Sea Serpent Identified.

Some forty years ago, when out with a boating party for seagull shooting, I espied a monster fish basking on the surface of the water, with its head well up in the air. The creature allowed us to get within thirty yards, when I sent two charges of shot into its head, with the result that it rolled over on its back, and our boat soon came up to it. It proved to be a large angel shark. I thought I would make quite sure it was dead and sent two more charges into its upturned belly. I must have, unfortunately, burst its air bladder, for it began slowly to sink. Had I not killed it at first, and had it reared its head and flapped its wings, we should probably have added one more story to the long list of sea serpent fabrications.—Manchester Courier.

#### The Forgetful Saurian.

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected.

"Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?"

"Y-a-a-s," admitted the ducky, "but a whale's different. A whale's got a meenry, but of one o' dem 'gators wuster swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' ferget his bout me."—Woman's Home Companion.

#### MUST LOOK YOUNG.

This Accounts For Dyed Locks That Nurses Sometimes Show.

"Yes, she's a good nurse, doctor," said the patient rather reluctantly. "You don't mean that," was the answer of the physician. "What's the matter with her? Come, tell me."

"Nothing," began the faint contradiction. "She's quiet, tidy and sympathetic, but, doctor, her hair's dyed. I could see it plainly yesterday when she sat between me and the window."

The doctor did not speak for a moment. He did not even look surprised.

"Such a nice nurse, too," went on the patient. "Why should she do such a foolish thing?"

It was then that she learned from the doctor that dyed hair is not nearly so uncommon in the case of trained nurses as might be supposed. Sick people like to have young nurses about them. Even physicians have a weakness for the young nurses. They believe that their interest and enthusiasm are greater.

"The nurses' term of usefulness is short enough as it is," this physician said, "for the work is so exhaustive that they must soon succumb. Some of them are compelled to give up after ten years. Few are ever able to keep up until they have put in twenty years."

"If they feel that gray hairs, coming perhaps a little earlier than they are due, are going to make the term of their best days even briefer they are driven to hiding those traces of time and overwork by the use of hair dye, and the number that do make use of it is very much larger than anybody supposes."—New York Sun.

#### Butterflies That Live on Fish.

The butterfly was blue and transparent. As through blue glass its tiny heart could be seen beating inside its body, and the professor read a newspaper article through its lovely blue wings. "This," he said, "is the pteropoda, a Mediterranean butterfly. It eats fish. On its tongue are rows of pointed hooks. They serve as teeth. This beautiful creature would turn up its nose at a garden of roses and lilies, but it would feast ecstatically upon a putrid eel. Now and then a pteropoda is found on the Florida or the California coast. It is only abundant, though, in the Mediterranean."

#### The Power of Intuition.

"The power of intuition usually spoken of as being so mysterious is really not so at all," said a woman recently. "It is merely the ordinary method of reasoning from observation intensified. The so called intuitive person differs from the one of more commonplace powers in possessing a keener sensitiveness to facts. She or he, for it is absurd to assert that this power is exclusively feminine, observes a thousand things that persons of duller sense fail to see and that are beyond the control of the most skillful actor."—New York Tribune.

**HEADQUARTERS FOR**  
**DUFFY'S**  
**Pure Malt Whiskey.**  
**NOTHING BETTER FOR**  
**Medical and Family Use.**

No Fusel oil. Made of Pure Malt. Prescribed by all physicians and used in the foremost hospitals. Cures consumption, grip and malaria.

We also sell the following brands of whiskey: Van Hook, Sam Clay, Mellwood, Poindexter, Chicken Cock, (in bond).

**OLD VAN HOOK, \$2 per gal.**

**L. SALOSHIN,**

Both Phone—Home 255; E. Tenn. 29.

Corner Main and Seventh, Paris, Ky.

**McPheeters**  
**FOR**  
**Furniture.**